

Letter from Mabel Hubbard Bell to Alexander Graham Bell, March 9, 1877, with transcript

Letter from Miss Mabel Hubbard to Mr. Alexander Graham Bell. Cambridge, Friday Mar. 9, 1877. My darling Alec:

I am so thankful that though so far from as you are not on the water. We are in the midst of a terrific gale and I fear, a few ships have gone down before it. I was awakened this morning by the bad trembling and shaking and the rain storm seemed to increase as the day were on until we were obliged to shut some of the blinds to stop the waters pouring in through the chinks in the windowville. Finally came a bang and shaking like thunder and the pane of one of the parlour windows was smashed to pieces. What I can't understood is, why that window should have been smashed. It was one of the West bay windows and the wind was from the South, also the broken panes were carried outside and all around the house, hardly any glass fell inside.

The postman came late bringing three letters for you and yours to me, pretty well soaked. I hope things are settled satisfactorily now. I shall be so thankful when all this worry and excitement is over for you but I object to your considering that your fate hangs on the issue of this conference. I hope it will be alright but if not, never mind try again, and the reward of your toil will come soon.

I send one of the letters, thinking you might like to answer it personally, also Mr. Gray's It seems such a pleasant friendly note.

Glad you are staying with Grandpa He is very fond of you, and pleased to talk to you. Of course you will look just as nicely as possible. I have nothing to say to you about ourselves. Cousin Mary is working on her afghan for Dr. Wyman, and Carrie has gone wind and rain notwithstanding to Miss Owen. I tried to paint, but it was too dark to see.

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I am perfectly crazy to get you back for I have something to show you. Guess what it is? I spent the evening fixing it and in the end made a mistake and it has to go back to the p — I mean it has to go to the store to be fixed. I would have gone to Boston with it through the gale but was not allowed.

Goodbye is there anything I can do for you?

I shall not write again, if you leave New York Sunday night.

With ever so much love, Ever yours, May. Ever so much love to Grandpa, Auntie, Papa and Mr. Narsh.